Venturing: Forgotten Cream

“Hey, Ling!” I heard the familiar voice behind me. Turning around, I stared onto the dragoness behind me who was leaning against the wall. Looking all smug as her eyes were to me. In response, I tilted my head to one side before asking her. “Yeah? What is up?” “Today is our day off. Remember?” She said, I blinked and turned my attention to the wall to my left. Staring onto a piece of paper that Xenon had given to me yesterday in his handwriting. But acted as if that was me even if I do not write that small. I frowned saying nothing. Thus turned to Yang and nodded with a smile, pushing the chair back and away from the white table in front of me. I got up onto my feet and turned around towards Yang walking up to her and asked. “All right. Where do you want to go?” “How about that old place we used to go to when we were young?” “Where was that place?” I answered. All she did was gave me a big warming smile. I looked concerning at her as she grabbed my claw with her own, dragging me along the halls towards the exit doors.

Where we emerged out into the sunlight outside, I breathed in the fresh air around us as I smiled grinning or relieved that I was out of the building with all of the stuffiness inside of it. Regardless, I opened my mind and glanced over to Yang as she continued dragging me through the grassy plains and out onto the streets where no one was about. As far as I could see, the streets were empty and quiet that I had thought we are having some kind of crisis here. What kind of crisis I would not know. I felt Yang’s claw dropped mine freeing it for the meantime as she raises her other claw and pointed towards a building to our right. A few blocks down from where we were standing was an ice cream building. The lights were turned on. The glassy door was close, but there was a sign that shows they were opened. With an assuring smile, Yang and I walked over to the building. Entering into it whereas a bell rang overhead.

A wave of cold air and refreshing memories entered into me and my brain. It was like an overwhelming feeling of memories that I had thought I was going to drown. Yang snapped my thoughts and giggled to herself as I turned to her and smiled only faintly. Thus shivered when another burst of cold air brushes against my scales. We looked around. The room was smaller compared to ours. A few chairs and tables were scattered about. Were cold bearing vases with no flowers on top of them. Napkins were placed on the seats to remind customers that it was there. As we walked towards the end of the room, there was a menu place in front of us. Another dragon was standing on the opposing side of the menu too, looking pleased with himself and he stared at us patiently. We smiled and I waved to him. He responded with his own and spoke: “What do you guys want?”

“Strawberry!” Cried Yang.

I started laughing forcing her to look at me with a concerned look on her face. “You always order strawberry every time.” “Not all the time, Ling.” She pouted at me growling teasingly. “Just this once.” “Well…” I trailed raising my eyes to the ceiling above pondering for a short second before countering, “What about that time you bought strawberry ice cream at a local supermarket.” “That is different. It is called ‘self-served.’” “I am sure you just made that up,” I responded to him, she shook her head. “Nope.” Rolling my eyes as the dragon gave her what she had wanted, he turned to me and repeated the same question. With Yang irritatingly licking her cream, I pondered “Vanilla… I guess.” I started. He nodded going right into it. I turned to Yang who was already busy with her ice cream. Licking it away until it became wet, I chuckled “Enjoying it?” “Very much!” She started, grinning. I nodded in response before asking her, “Why did you choose this as the first thing we should do on our day off?” “Well…” Yang trailed off immediately, completely ignoring her ice cream for a moment.

Just as I had received mine, she explained “Well it just that. We had ice cream when we were hatchlings right?” “Right.” I nodded, prompting her, and we engaged the conversation. We had started talking about how we had gotten our first ice cream when the monks had delivered it to us one day when we had no school that spring. I think it was during the spring break, whatever that means. We were sitting in front of the television, watching some cartoons that we had enjoyed so much that we had forgotten that the monk came back from going outside. Brought with him a pair of ice creams; one was vanilla and the other strawberry. From my younger understanding, these two were popular along with chocolate and other stuff. But I was not sure if I wanted to try the others.

Remembering memories that we exchanged to one another; laughing at how innocent we were back then. Yang and I had a good part of the day pleasantly to ourselves. It was enjoyable to see Yang have those mixed reactions whenever I or she put off a thought that the other had remembered. Like how we used to misinterpret the term ‘dig in’, whenever we heard about it we go outside into our yard and dig deep a hole for our ice cream which we threw in afterward.

We laugh amongst ourselves enjoying each other’s presence that we had not realized the day was over. When we came to our senses, we realized that the lights were completely out. Shining amongst the darkness of nights as stars and the moon twinkled above the city, I and Yang decided to leave. We both stood up, I dug into my scales bringing out my wallet and set forth the fixed debt that we own to the dragon. We both took our leave out the door and into the moonlight. In the first few seconds of silence, Yang asked me while holding my claw “Did you had fun?” “Yeah,” I responded, nodding. She cracked a grin before looking at me and spoke, “How about that date?” “What… date?” I blinked. She nudged her head towards the door behind me as I froze with fear and embarrassment. “That… was a date?” “Duh.” She smirked laughing as I added in, “But I thought that was…” “Just a memory lane? To recount our hatchling days? Perhaps.” She teased me, I smiled only faintly as we had decided to move off and walked home.

For the first time, I felt at ease when we were in that first ‘date’. Although I had disliked her for lying that it was just a memory lane or whatever she had called it.